

TIP TOP

FROM THE TIP OF THE TOES TO THE TOP OF THE NOSE

VOL.3 NO.6

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NEW VIEWS
ON THE SNEAKER SCENE

SIX NYLONS IN THE HAY
LEGS IN LOVE WITH SILK
GEISHA'S LIMB FASHIONS
SHE BLOWS HER HORN FOR HOSE

ADULTS ONLY

T

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FROM THE TIP OF THE TOES TO THE TOP OF THE HOSE

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FOOTNOTES

Judging from reader reaction to the May issue of TIP TOP, any slight misgivings we may have had regarding controversy, were entirely unwarranted. So, just in passing, suffice it to say that we shall continue to approach the leg scene from every possible angle and shall continue to allow our readers to express themselves both positively and negatively in any way they like regarding such niceties as sneakers vs. heels, frills vs. plain undies, white and/or black vs. bright colors, etc.

But there is another area that I think will begin to become increasingly evident with this, the July issue. With summer here, it is axiomatic that the interests of the human animal expand and therefore allow his horizons to broaden. The same can apply to magazines. This time, we have devoted a great deal of time to researching and exploring the leg scene in depth in order to offer you not only new angles on known material but also heretofore unexplored vistas.

Examples of this are scattered throughout the magazine: Naturally, we are featuring Mrs. Baird's initial "Hip Talk" as we have always felt the need of a definitive female point of view regarding the leg scene. But other areas of exploration are evident with Ken Warringer's "The Status Approach To Sneakers" which not only expands upon the entire sneaker scene, but offers some amusing and enlightening sidelines on many of the celebrities who are staunch advocates and wearers of sneakers. A third, and perhaps an even more appealing article for the dedicated and industrious leg watcher is Stan Woodman's, "The Underground Movement In Leg Watching" which, it is hoped, will open an entirely new vista of exploration for the devotee.

Naturally, we are packed with our usual pictorials and personalities in addition to the above singled out bits of prose, so we feel confident that now with our mid-summer issue we have compiled a pleasing potpourri that can not help but interest even the most demanding connoisseur.

It's good reading, good watching and good legging with this July issue of the world's only magazine exclusively dedicated to the membership and friends of the Leg Watchers League.

Charles Simpson
Editor

black and white and



NANCY COOPER MAY NOT REALIZE IT, BUT SHE'S IN THE MIDDLE OF ONE OF THE MOST HOTLY CONTESTED BITS OF CONTROVERSY IN THE HISTORY OF LEG MEN. NATURAL APPEAL AS OPPOSED TO THE FRILLS SPORTED BY MODELS HAS ALWAYS BEEN A LEG WATCHER BUGABOO WITH MANY EXTREMISTS ON EACH SIDE. NANCY TAKES A CONSERVATIVE STAND ON A MIDDLE OF THE ROAD BASIS, BUT STILL INSISTS ON HIGH HEELS AS OPPOSED TO FLATS OR SNEAKERS.

sheer all over







BUT ONE THING NANCY OBJECTS TO IS UNNECESSARY LACE OR FRILLS OF ANY SORT. SHE'S THE KIND OF GIRL WHO WOULDN'T EVER WEAR LINGERIE MADE OF ANY ELABORATE DESIGN OR PUFF MATERIAL. SHE DOES LIKE HER SHEER UNDERTHINGS SIMPLE, SOFT AND — OH YES — WHITE. BLACK IS ONE COLOR FOR WHICH NANCY HAS NO USE IN TERMS OF HER SOFT UNDERTHINGS. FOR HOSIERY, SHE THINKS IT'S THE BEST COLOR CHOICE POSSIBLE, BUT FOR UNDIES, NOT AT ALL.



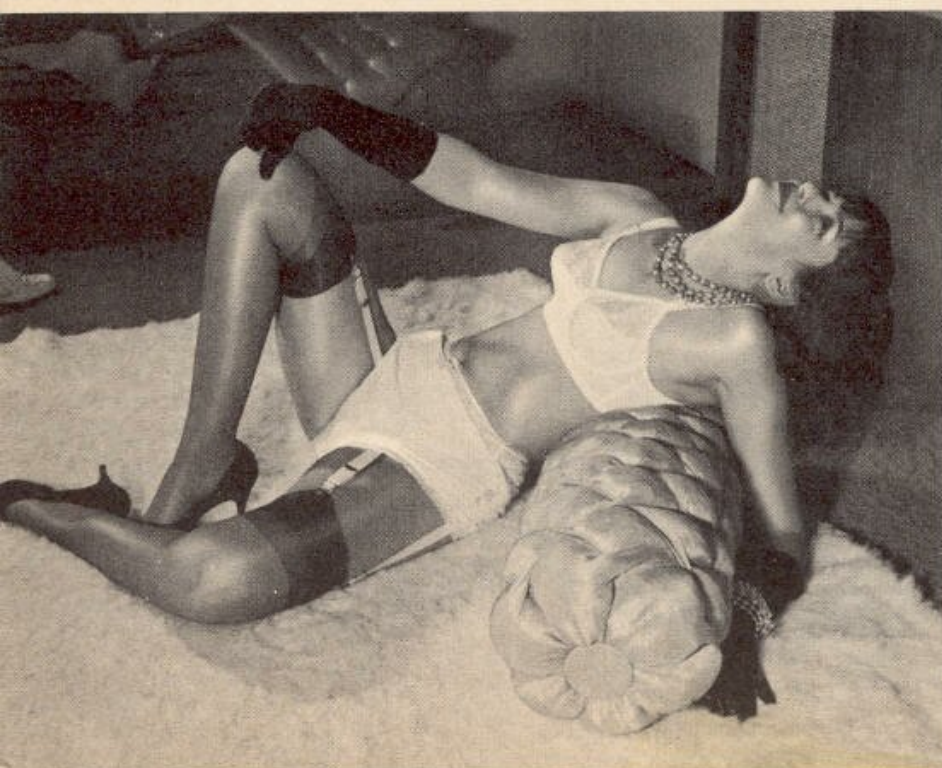
BUT, AS WE SAID BEFORE, SHE DOESN'T REALIZE THAT HER VERY ATTITUDE TOWARD HER HOSIERY AND HER UNDERTHINGS PUTS HER RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A FIGHT THAT LOOKS LIKE IT MAY LAST AS LONG AS NYLONS AND LINGERIE DO. BUT SHE DOESN'T CARE. NAN IS A GAL WHO HAS VERY DEFINITE IDEAS ON HOW TO DRESS AND WHAT TO WEAR TO MAKE HER LOOK MOST ATTRACTIVE AND APPEALING.



A GIRL WITH MORE THAN DEFINITE TASTES IN WEARING HOSIERY,

COLORS AND LINGERIE TEXTURES, NAN REFUSES TO BE DRAWN INTO A CONTROVERSY.





SHE FINDS, FROM LITTLE BITS OF RESEARCH AND QUESTIONING THAT THE PEOPLE SHE KNOWS AND HAS HEARD OF PREFER WOMEN TO WEAR THE COMBINATION OF WHITE AND BLACK THAT SHE DOES. OCCASIONALLY LACE IS ALL RIGHT FOR A BRA, ACCORDING TO NANCY, BUT EVEN THERE SHE TRIES TO AVOID BEING EXCESSIVE. WHAT SHE STRIVES FOR ALL THE TIME IS JUST THE SHEEREST HOSE IN THE DARKEST BLACK AND THE SHEEREST LINGERIE IN THE SNOWIEST WHITE. "THE CONTRAST MAKES IT APPEALING," SHE SAYS.

THE STATUS

By Ken Warriner

APPROACH TO

SNEAKERS

When I was a student in high school, I was a member of the Dramatic Club. One year, we produced a play that was supposed to be set in ancient Greece, and the characters were all supposed to be Grecian dieties, gods and goddesses. The actors were all high school students, like myself. Young people of high school age are often going through an awkward period in their growth. They are gangling, graceless and clumsy. The teacher who was directing this particular play of ours, could not reconcile the young actors' coltish, clip-clop walk, with the godlike characters we were all trying to portray. None of the stage directions that he gave us, seemed to help.

Then, one day, he ordered that at all future rehearsals, all of us would be obliged to wear sneakers. When we wondered about this, he explained that, of all modern footgear, the sneaker gives to its wearer a firm, self-assured, graceful stance, and a relatively regal tread which, in his mind, came closest to that way that the Greek gods and goddesses must have walked on Mount Olympus in their heyday. There must have been something to that theory of his, because gradually, as they rehearsed wearing sneakers, gangling youths and awkward girls began to walk like gods and goddesses;



Perhaps Hollywood's two best known finds were Jean Harlow and sneakers.

their performances seemed to improve, and they assumed a stature and a dramatic dimension that none of them had had before. The play was such a great success, we had to give two extra performances of it.

This is not to say that sneakers necessarily make Greek gods and

goddesses of us all. But, whatever the reason, sneakers *are* more popular today than they have ever been *before*.

Greta Garbo has sometimes been referred to as the most glamorous woman of this century. Certainly, she is one of the most famous. Even

today, twenty years after she made her last moving picture, she is still considered a "star" by the public, in every sense of the word. She is a celebrity wherever she goes. Her



Sun bathing, French sex kitten Bardot is either barefoot or clad in sneakers.

movies, when they are occasionally re-released, attract huge audiences of devotees, both old and new. She is an unparalleled phenomenon in the world of entertainment, and has become a living legend. Other stars, like Valentino and James Dean, have had cults formed to their memories after their deaths. Garbo's cult worships her while she is still living, with equal fervor.

During Garbo's career, there were probably millions of pictures shot of this beautiful and sexually exciting woman. Yet strangely enough, one of the photographs of Garbo which has attracted the most comment through the years, and one which has actually become almost a collector's item, is a publicity shot which was made at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios soon after Garbo arrived from Sweden, and before she became one of the greatest stars that Hollywood has ever known. This photograph shows a smiling Garbo,

dressed in a track suit, kneeling in the start position for a race, and wearing — one must assume — track shoes — or SNEAKERS!

To what, actually, can we attribute the great attraction that so many people find in sneakers? Can it, perhaps, be in the very word "sneakers", which carries with it a built-in hint of intrigue, of something dangerously exciting? Would sneakers be enticing and as popular as they are, if they were called something as plebian, as unimaginative as, let's say, "rubber shoes"? No one can say for sure, but it is an interesting thought.

Sneaker fans are not sheepishly alike in their devotion to sneakers. Their various tastes differ, just as personalities do. To some, only white sneakers are even worth think-



Even today, the great Greta Garbo is a devoted fan of flats and sneakers.

ing about. Other people, while they may also be sneaker *afficionados*, find black sneakers more closely approaching their particular taste. The nuances of likes and dislikes, taste and distaste, break down even more finely than that. Among the white sneaker group, there are those who prefer only freshly-whitened, pris-

tinely-glistening, neatly-laced sneakers. On the other hand, there are those, still in the white sneaker group, who prefer sneakers that show signs of having been lived in, so to speak. A smudge, a scuff, a grass stain, a frayed shoelace—that's the way they feel a sneaker should be. *Those* are the things that give a sneaker its character!

Howard Hughes is one of the richest and most elusive men in the world today. It was Hughes who introduced the late Jean Harlow to the movie world as a sex symbol, in his production of *Hell's Angels*. Later, he also introduced Jane Russell as an even sexier symbol, in his controversial moving picture, *The Outlaw*, which was considered so sexy, that the regular movie houses wouldn't show it, and Hughes had to rent or build theatres of his own in which to play it.

Hughes' fortune comes from oil wells, motion pictures, the aviation industry, and a host of other diversified interests. He could undoubtedly buy the most expensive shoes there are, and wear a new pair every day, and two on Sundays. Yet, Hughes always wears sneakers! He belongs to the scuffed-sneaker school, and the ones he sports are usually so sloppy that a less wealthy man would hesitate to wear them. Sneakers have almost become Howard Hughes' trade mark, and he is rarely seen wearing any other type of footwear. Why is a man who holds the world in his hands, so devoted to sneakers on his feet? Only Howard Hughes could answer that question for us, and he is notoriously untalkative!

It is a well known fact that Brigitte Bardot has no great liking for clothes of any sort. She would much rather just drape her high octane figure in a skimpy towel, or even less, and let it go at that. Nevertheless, in her cavortings on the Riviera and elsewhere, whatever Brigitte may or may not be wearing on the upper section of her famous anatomy, her cuddly French tootsies are usually encased in a pair of care-free sneakers! So you see, sneakers have become an international symbol too.

A salesman in the shoe section of a large department store says, "We have always carried a line of sneakers in our Junior Section, primarily for high school kids and teenagers in general. But now we find that there is also a more mature, more sophisticated type of buyer for sneakers. I guess that they buy them

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Girls all over the country are now beginning to learn of the joy of sneakers.



SHE HER FOR

Some people may think Sally Adams is a bit opinionated for their stereotyped idea of what the demure, modern American girl should be, but Sally doesn't care. When she believes in something, she doesn't like to keep silent about it. And the two things that Sally really believes in are Jazz and sheer hosiery. "I never listen to any other kind of music," she says. "I used to, but now it just bores me. I just don't get enough feeling out of it." And the same attitude can be applied to her choice in hosiery. There was a time, not so very long ago when one might have found Sally in bobby sox or even running around barefoot, but no more! Now, she wouldn't be caught dead without her hosiery on. As a matter of fact, once she had a premonition that there would be a fire in the apartment house where she lived and she even insisted on wearing her hose to sleep in so that, if she had to get up to escape during the night, she would at least be well dressed for the occasion. But Sally is not dogmatic with opinion. She just likes being well dressed.

BLOWS HORN HOSE



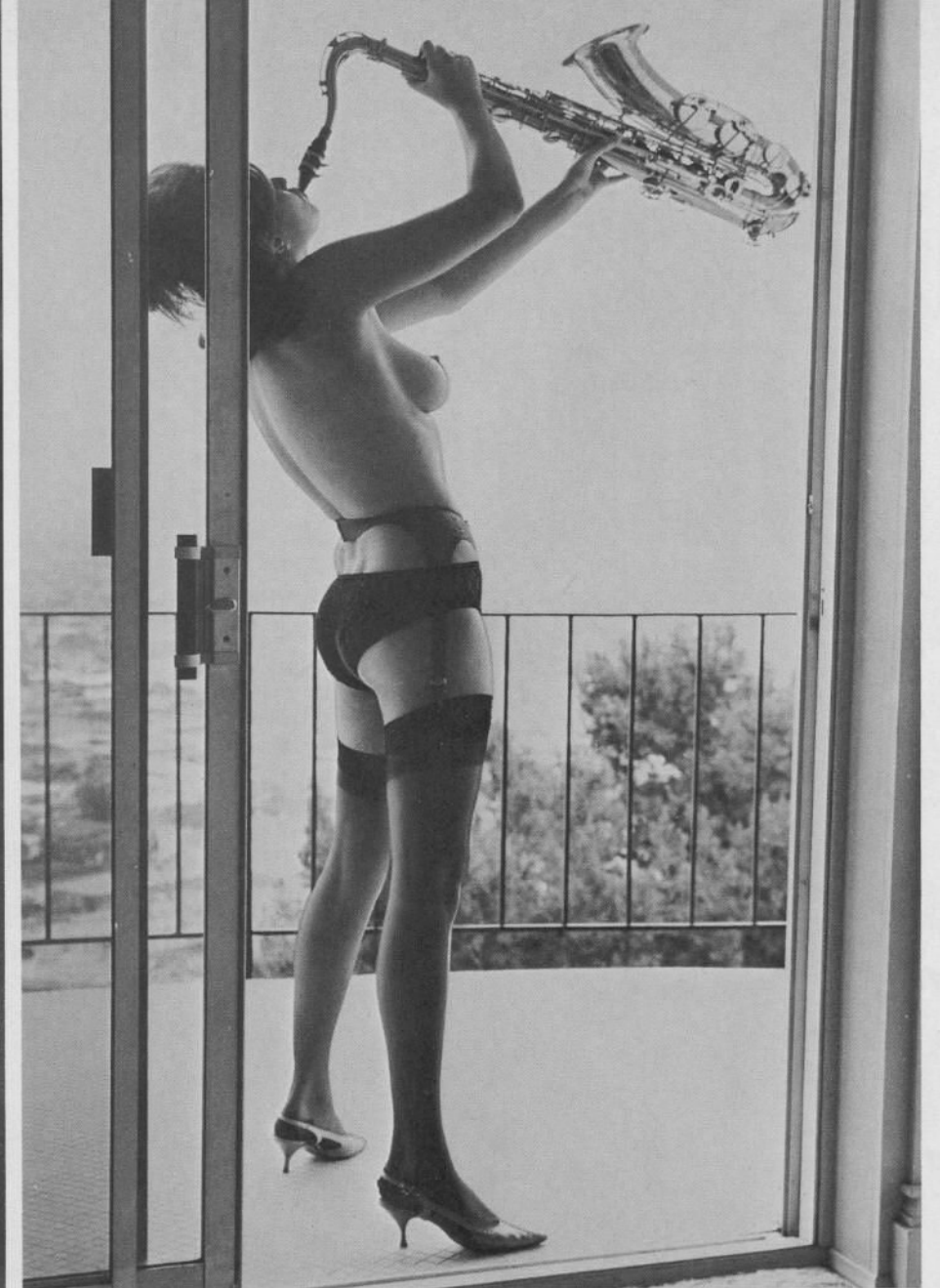


As for her love of Jazz — that started about three years ago when Sally went out on a date when she was in New York for a visit. It was the first time she had ever seen Greenwich Village and the first time she had ever been to a club that featured progressive Jazz. That date, even though it never worked out in any sort of romantic sense, was a turning point in Sally's life. Back in her hotel, she became aware of two rather startling discoveries within herself. First of all, she decided that she didn't think the beatnick girls of the village dressed attractively at all. She made a vow, then and there to be more careful with her dress, particularly with her hosiery. The second decision she made was that she really, honestly liked progressive Jazz. But she couldn't understand why she had never realized it before. "Maybe it was the fact that this was the first time I had heard it played live," she said. "Anyway, after that, when I came back to California, I started collecting Jazz records of all the greats. I really taught myself an awful lot about them. As a matter of fact, I almost drove myself broke in the process. What with buying records and histories of Jazz and spending anything extra on new hose, I didn't have any money left."





Sally had to cut back on her expenditures in order to live. But that was also fortunate for her in the long run, as Sal's friends knew of her interest in Jazz and new care in dressing and one of them, knowing Sally was trying to get a bit of money saved, was kind enough to get her a saxophone. "That was almost the greatest experience of my life," Sally said. "For a while I forgot all about listening to my records and just stayed home to practice on the horn. All that was over a year ago and now — well — I may not play the greatest sax in the world, but at least I can play Jazz on it pretty well."



Of course, "pretty well" is about the understatement of the century. For although Sally is an outspoken girl in her opinions on music and hosiery, she is very modest about herself. She has been practicing every day for a year now and, although she has never played her saxophone professionally and, for that matter, probably never will, she is a very competent amateur musician who joins a group of her fellow Jazz enthusiasts at least once, sometimes twice a week. And there, Sally is more than a stand-out. Where the other members of the group might be classified as somewhat "beat", Sally still remembers her promise to herself made in New York three years ago. She shows up for the jam sessions immaculately dressed, seams perfectly straight and wearing the sheerest hose. "If I have to play well, I like to know that I look as good as I can while I'm doing it. It just makes me feel that much better," she says. "You might even say that I toot my horn for hose." Well — if Sally toots her horn for hose and jazz, we want to get on the band wagon and toot ours for Sally!

THE UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT IN LEG

BY STAN WOODMAN



FOR DECADES, LOYAL WATCHERS OF THE LOWER LIMB HAVE ONLY SCRATCHED SURFACE WITH THE SUBJECT, BUT RECENT RESEARCH HAS UNEARTHED A FASCINATING NEW AREA FOR EXPLORATION.

Even in Canada, we have always heard a great deal about the New York subway system. It gets you places in a hurry; it's practical and convenient; it provides cheap transportation in a city where taxis are expensive and often unavailable when you most need them. All that is true. Of course, we heard unfavorable things about the subways too. That they smelled bad, and were terribly crowded; even that they were dangerous late at night, when juvenile delinquents marauded through them. All that is true, too. What I had not heard, but what I happily found out for myself on a recent trip to New York, is that they are also a delightful hunting ground for a dedicated leg watcher, a veritable nylon wonderland!

Naturally, I enjoyed all the usual sightseeing highlights that New York provides for the visitor — the fine restaurants crowded with full-bosomed, lithe-legged beauties; the hit shows on Broadway, many of them enhanced by high-kicking, opera-length-hosed showgirls; the towering skyscrapers, and the tall, long-limbed Miss Americans strolling up and down Fifth Avenue. But some of my happiest and most exciting moments were spent underground, in the New York subways, enjoying some of the most spectacular displays of *legerdemain* that it has been my pleasure to observe.

I don't recommend the Independ-

ent subway system, the 6th and 8th Avenue lines, where the seats are short benches, right-angled or back to back. It is much better to use the older subway lines, where the seating runs the full length of the cars, parallel and facing each other. Feast your eyes on the panorama of pedal extremities — ankles, calves, knees, and sometimes even a bit of thigh — facing you, as though being displayed for your own, private delectation. You can pretend you are a privileged pasha, or a shameless shah, surveying your own harem, and in your imagination picking and choosing your own particular favorite — at least until the objects of your attention reach the proper station and stride off out of sight. Occasionally, I will admit, I became so engrossed with watching one especially superlative curvilinear display, that I got off where she did, for a few more minutes of watching; following behind while those wondrous limbs walked into an office building.

Of course, timing and choice of location are important too. The rush hours, when huge crowds of people are going to work or are returning home, are not so good, because at those times the aisles, as well as the seats, are filled. The vista of lovely nylon-sleek legs is obscured. The point is, to wait until slightly after the morning rush hour. Then, the girls who don't have to punch a time clock are going to work; then, the girls who have such stunning stems that they can get away with getting to the office late, are going to work; then, the proud beauties who have taken a little more time with their grooming and make-up and choice of hose and shoes, are on their way to their jobs. That's when the subway is a leg watcher's heaven! That's the time, if you're

a *real* leg watcher, to forget the Taj Mahal and the Alps.

You simply drop your token in the subway turnstile, and grab a gander at one of the really scenic wonders of the world. Go for a pleasure jaunt on the subway! The supply of nylon nectar is more than enough to satisfy even the busiest bee! For as soon as one pair of sheer-stockinged limbs leaves the train, another pair takes its place in the lovely line facing you.

It is always interesting to note the varying ways in which these subway sylphs position their legs while they sit in repose on their way to work. Some will hold their limbs primly together, knee to knee, heel to heel, in a straight, no-nonsense line. These girls often wear glasses, and sometimes are reading books from the New York Public Library. Then, there are those who hold their heels together, flat on the floor, but their knees will be relaxed, maybe a few inches apart. They usually seem engrossed in thought. There are some whose feet and knees are both slightly apart, but their feet are still flat on the ground. An interesting type is the one whose feet are close together and set square on the floor, but whose knees are slightly apart. These girls are usually a little pigeon-toed, and have alert, interesting eyes.

There are always a few whose legs are crossed, very lady-like, at the ankles. Not so oddly, I soon realized that most of these had ankles which were not of the highest calibre. The ones with the best ankles usually crossed their legs demurely at their dimpled knees, so that their curvaceous ankles were half-way out into the aisles, more-than-less on display.

Sometimes, too, there is a sprink-

ling of high school girls, wearing sneakers or saddle shoes, and making a very pretty picture. Considering the time of day, I imagined that these were girls who had cut classes, and were on their way downtown to see movies.

There is another interesting feature — or maybe you'd call it an interesting angle — that provides both beauty and a quandary for the dedicated viewer. Sometimes, all the places are filled, and the girls who don't have seats, have to hang on to the overhanging straps which the subway thoughtfully provides for their convenience. This may not be exactly comfortable for them, but, raising their arms to the straps usually hikes their hemlines up a couple of additional inches, and gives the leg watcher a little dividend on his investment. The quandary is that, alas, a limb-loving *gentleman*, in such circumstances, is bound to find himself torn between the ingrained urge to offer the lovely lady his seat, or to remain in a perfect, and comfortable — but ungallant — viewing position.

There is also another added dividend to subway stem-gazing, which I might mention. The subway stations are almost always below street level, and the flights of stairs leading to and from them are often a wonderful display area for the hosiery brigade. When you're walking a few steps behind a pair of graceful, undulating underpinnings, you frequently find yourself wishing that the stairway went on forever!

At each end of the individual subway coaches, there are small, enclosed platforms, where the cars are coupled together to form the train. Sometimes, if there are no seats available, or if a girl is only going

(Continued on Page 42)

WATCHING



*The blonde is Mrs. J.B.W.
of Wichita Falls, Texas.
Pictures by her husband.
Send yours to: TIP TOP /
HOMEFRONT DIVISION /
7311 FULTON AVENUE /
N. HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.*

HOSIERY ON



THE HOME FRONT

Hip Talk

BY DEE BAIRD

Beginning a new series of delightful, although certainly controversial comments from the distaff side of the leg scene



For the first time in TIP TOP history, a reader from the distaff side offers a full-length feminine critique on matters dear to the hearts of leg men everywhere.

As an "over-the-shoulder" reader of TIP TOP (and the wife of an inveterate leg watcher) I think I'm fairly familiar with what appeals to leg men. I think TIP TOP is an absolutely *grand* magazine, and mind you, I'm not criticizing it in any way. But it does seem about time the gentlemen let the ladies take the floor. We wives and girl friends do deserve a fair shake, after all — we've been loyal, uncomplaining, and doing our level best to please you, and it seems only fair that we should get equal space.

If there's one area in which women could offer a few pointers to men, it would be womens' dress, particularly what is worn next to the skin. Men seem to be in a little doubt here as to what is correct and proper; in fact, judging from the letters to Dear Elmer Batters, some of them are downright naive when it comes to what women wear, when and where they wear it, and why! So, in the interests of improving men's knowledge in what might be called the basics of their subject, I'd like to offer a few observations

I think you'll have to admit that girls have one advantage over men where legs are concerned. They *wear* the hose. The girl who daily dons high heels, nylons and garters is something of an authority on the subject.

Take one example — garter belts. They seem to be very popular with

a lot of men. To read the letters and look at the models in TIP TOP, you might form the impression that ninety per cent of women wear garter belts to hold up their hose, while the other ten per cent wear girdles. Actually, the other way around would be closer to the truth. I'm sure most women readers would back me up there. I've spent a good many hours in powder rooms and changing rooms, not to mention a stint behind the counter in a department store (foundations and lingerie section), so I know what I'm talking about! Very few women wear just a garter belt, and even when they do, they're usually plain white or black ones, not the exotic ones the models wear.

I'll bet that Mrs. R. K. of Tenafly, N.J., who has been featured in two "Hosiery on the Homefront" spreads, doesn't wear a black nylon garter belt and bikini panties to work or when she goes shopping. I'll bet she wears a girdle like the



rest of us. I'm not knocking her — she's a real doll — I'm just pointing out that in my experience the only times a girl wears just a belt are when (1) she's slim-hipped and still in her teens (2) she's too lazy or in too much of a rush to bother with a girdle (3) she's the "bare minimum" type that likes to feel undressed beneath her skirt and blouse, or suit.

The majority of American women nowadays, including many a teenager, need girdles to smooth out bulging bellies, hips and thighs. Blame it on our diet if you like, but it's a fact. What with the present-day slim, form-fitting skirts, women are in enough trouble as it is. Without some form of girdle, the lines of panties and garter straps become clearly visible in a tight skirt, especially when a girl is walking. It may be intriguing to the male eye, but most women know it's like flashing a message that men are very quick to receive — and there's the danger of them getting the wrong interpretation! Of course, it's something a girl can use to her advantage too, if she's inclined . . . and many a girl is inclined, you know.

Another thing about girdles, they do hold hose up better than a garter belt. You get slippage with a belt, which means wrinkled hose. In a good stout panty girdle, your hose are held uniformly tight all day long. This is important to a working girl, who's likely to be kneeling, bending, running up and down stairs, and what-have-you during the course of a day. You've no idea what it does for a girl's morale

to have that skin-tight sensation around her stocking tops!

Personally I like the feel of a girdle around me. It's a sort of . . . I don't know, a *secure*, held-in-place feeling. And I wouldn't agree that it hides anything of a girl's shapeliness. If anything, it accentuates it by giving the wearer a slightly bent-knee stance which pushes out the rear. A reasonably tight skirt helps to emphasize this effect, as skirts these days are pinched in quite noticeably below the fanny, and they tend to hobble the thighs. If you'd ever tried to run for a bus in one, you'd know what I mean! There's a definite "girdle look" to an American woman which I think is appreciated by men, so I wouldn't say a garter belt is necessarily the acme of appeal. I can see, though, where it would be better for photographic purposes.



About stockings. Many men still seem to like seams, but the poor fellows must be going through a pretty thin time of it. Not one of the girls I know wears seamed hose, or even possesses a pair. Two years ago there wasn't a seamless stocking to be seen on any of the models in TIP TOP, but now more than half the models are featured in seamless, which certainly reflects current trends. Frankly, I think those who still hold out for seams are fighting a lost cause. Seamless are in all the way — look around you — take a good look, be my guest. Okay buddy, don't let's get carried away now . . . give a man an inch, and he'll take a mile!

Black nylons? They're fine for modeling, but not one in a hundred girls wears them for daily use.



Many women keep a pair or two in reserve for evening wear, but sheer flesh-tinted hose are the general rule. They're really very flattering to legs, and I think they're just as beautiful as black. I'm not saying dark nylons aren't intriguing. I think a lot more women would wear them if they had the nerve. It takes a certain type to wear sheer black nylon stockings to the office, though, and when you see one sporting them, you can be sure of one thing — she's a gal with lots of nerve.

Actually it's *sheerness* and *fit*, not the tint of a stocking that make for the kind of well-packed appeal men appreciate in legs. Nylons are intended to fit and feel like a second skin. A girl should feel as if she was *born* in nylons, otherwise she is not getting the most out of them.

I see where a hosiery fitting room has opened in Columbus, Ohio, and it's expected that many more will follow all over the country. This is a good idea, because it will help to teach women that it's the length of their *legs*, not their total height, that determines whether they should wear short, medium or long length hosiery. A tall gal may be long-waisted and have short legs, and



therefore should wear short or possibly medium length hose. Conversely, a half-pint may be high-waisted and have long legs and thus require long hosiery. In this new kind of service, a girl's leg measurements and hose preference will be kept on file for future fittings (sounds like the kind of work my husband would enjoy).

Sheerness, without going into technicalities of gauge and denier, simply means "see-throughness." A leg inside a good, sheer stocking looks practically naked except for strong shadows at the edges. Sheers give legs that well-turned look which is so desirable. They have a buttery-smooth, classy, expensive look — and they are! But they're beautiful to wear.

Several girls I know who can't afford all the sheers they'd like out of their allowance have used the following gimmick to advantage.



They wear regulars or on-sale hose for a while — long enough for hubby to get used to seeing them — then buy one pair of the costliest sheers, put them on, and parade their gams unobtrusively before their mate for a few days — like making sure their skirt is hiked up when they're sitting, and fidgeting their legs around so he'll look.

Then they suddenly switch back to regular hose — a pair with runs doesn't hurt. Chances are he'll notice the difference right away, and ask why she isn't wearing the other kind that do so much more for her appearance. "Because I can't afford them — and besides, I'd sooner spend the money on a hairdo" is the answer. That usually does it. Most men would far rather shell

(Continued on Page 50)



TATTIN' PAT WITH RAVEN HOSE

those who may not be familiar with tatting (and not many of us are, anymore, not since the advent of the machine), it is simply the making of lace. It is a skill that is two steps beyond ordinary knitting and one step beyond crocheting. Furthermore, it is a skill that requires dexterity, patience and more than just a bit of artistic talent.



Pat Meyers is a combination of the modern and the very old-fashioned. First of all, she loves the latest styles in hosiery and lingerie and she always tries to keep herself aware of every little nuance of change in the fashion world, but, on second look, one will also find that Pat has a very unique and exciting hobby which occupies most of her leisure time. Pat tats. That's right, she really is a tatter — and not a mad one either. For



Even though she agrees that sometimes it seems to take almost forever to tat a bit of lace for evening gloves or the panties she likes so well, Pat thinks the work is well worth the effort when she is finished. She is getting so good at her hobby, as a matter of fact, that she is considering one more step—and that's making one large piece of lace which she may use for hosiery for evening wear. When she does it and if she ever finishes it, Pat may not be the first girl to wear lace hosiery, but we'll bet dollars to nylons that she'll be the first one to do all the work entirely by hand.

Who knows? Maybe she'll be able to start some sort of new fad that will sweep the country. It's nice to think of, but still we wonder if it will work. If it did catch on, all the girls would be working at home, tatting instead of out showing off the lace. And we wouldn't want that!



NOTES ON THE LEG LINE

Some new notes
from the nylon
newsfront with
a light touch
of ribaldry and
the sheer feel
of good things
to come along.

SHORT AND TO THE POINT

A well-known stylist, who travels across the country advising young girls on fashion techniques, offers this sage bit of advice, "Wear your skirts tight enough to show you're a girl, but loose enough to prove you're a lady." So far, so good. Nothing wrong with that, that we can see. *But*, then she goes on to say: "Take knees, for example." (O.K., we're still on her side.) "Most girls' knees are not pretty." (*She's* saying this, and now she's starting to lose us.) "Yet the average girl today wears her skirts short enough that they barely touch the knee, and they range up to several inches above the knee." (Hurrah for the average girl!) "Many of the skirts are tight enough so that when the girls sit, their skirts climb even higher." (Ladies, be seated!) "I tell them their knees look like headlights, as they walk down the street. It's their knees that attract attention, and not their faces or their hairdos, on which they have probably spent hours." Well, all we can say is that the headlights keep getting prettier with every year's new model. As for attracting attention, isn't that what knees are for? Let those who will, spend hours on their faces and hairdos. Knees — you lucky girls! — come ready made!

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

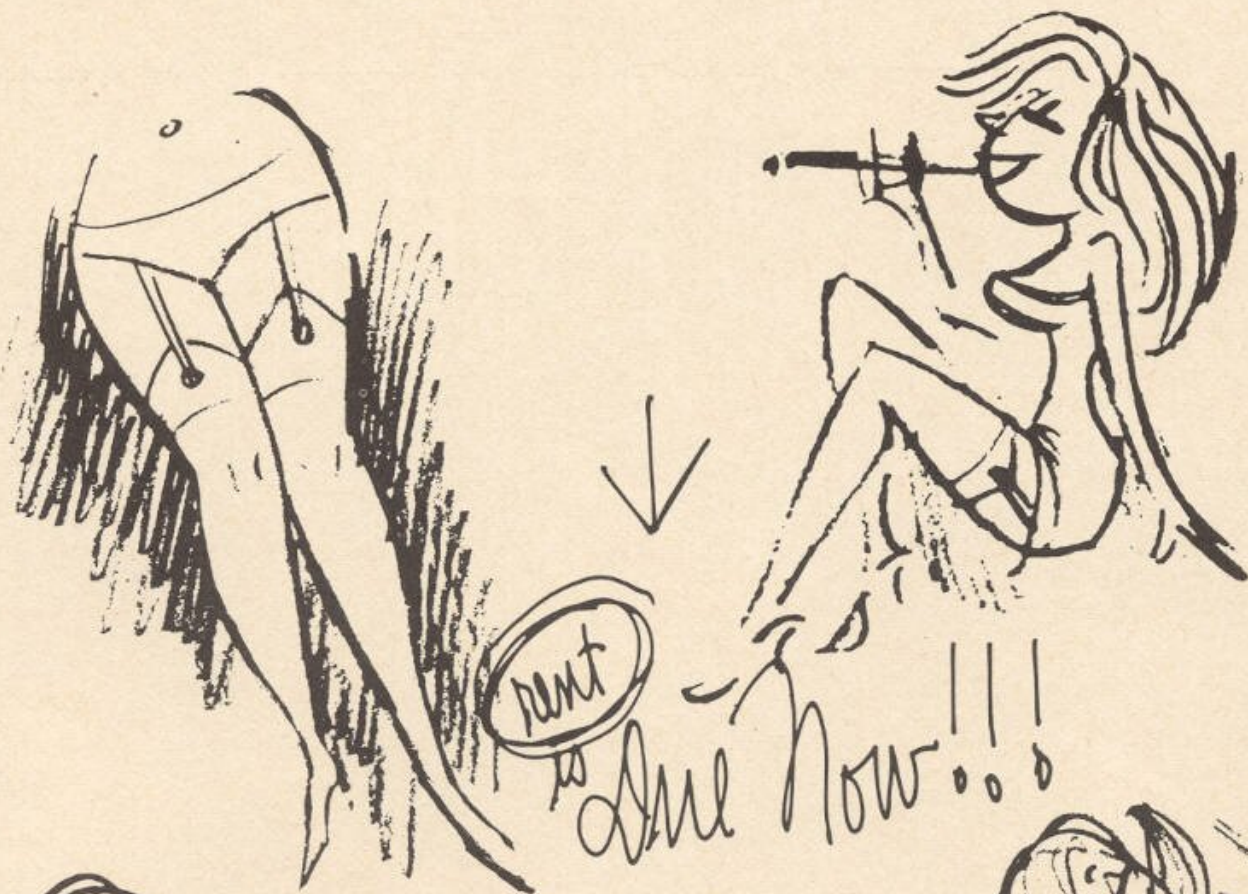
A Hollywood movie producer recently asked a New York fashion publicist to contact seven important designers from seven different countries — England, Sweden, France, Italy, Spain, Ireland and the U.S., — and ask them to create the type of clothing that each felt would be worn in 1970, the year in which his newest picture takes place. Among the predictions, those of most interest to us were: a combined, one-piece shoe and stocking; and skirts that ended five inches above the knees. Moreover, these seven designers will have a chance to say, "I told you so," because the costumes which they have designed for the future, based on their own predictions, have been sealed in a Time Capsule no less, and stored safely in the Costume Wing of the Brooklyn Museum. On May 1, 1970, the museum curator will break the seal on the capsule and the world will see how 1970 Fact compares with 1964 Fancy. One crazy question in our mind — what will they call the one-piece shoe and stocking? A sh-ocking?

FILM FOOTAGE

In the movie, *Irma La Douce*, much attention is given to the bright green, full length stockings that Shirley MacLaine fills out so curvaceously. The colorful hose become practically her trademark, as Irma gives a few touches to the world's oldest profession. Also, the stockings — without Shirley in them — are

(Continued on Page 60)

smooth stretch



rent

is due now!!!

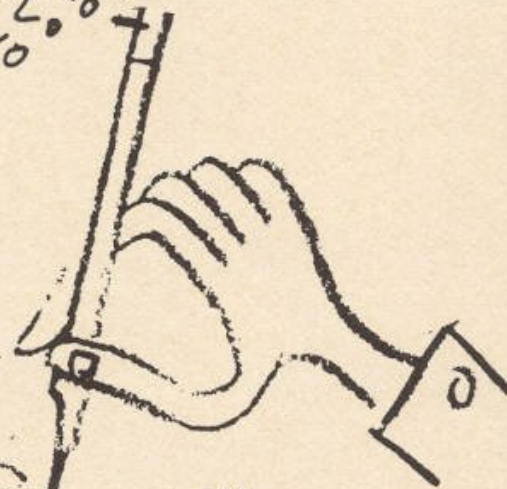


GREAT LEGS!



lllllll

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\$ 22,222,222.25



BY
GOODMAN
STEPHENS



WHITE TIE AND BLACK HOSE



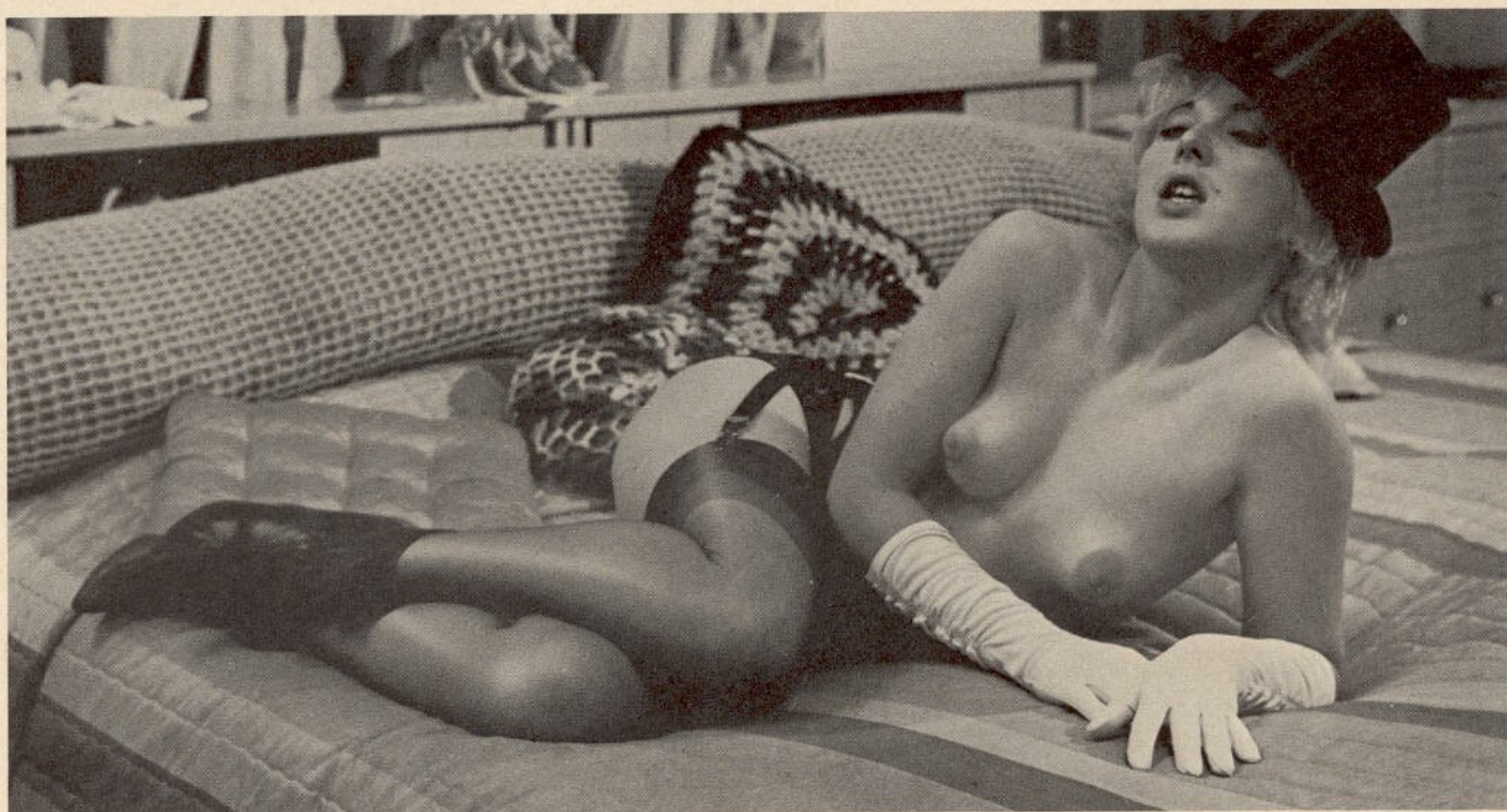
OVER A HUNDRED YEARS AGO A FRENCH WRITER NAMED AMANDINE AURORE LUCIE DUPIN, FIRST BEGAN A FAD THAT WAS SUBSEQUENTLY TAKEN UP BY SUCH NOTABLES AS MARLENE DIETRICH, PEARL WHITE AND OTHERS. PERHAPS THE WORLD MAY NOT REMEMBER MADEMOISELLE DUPIN AS SUCH, BUT WHEN THE NAME GEORGE SAND IS MENTIONED, AN IMMEDIATE IMAGE OF BOTH CHOPIN AND MEN'S EVENING CLOTHING SPRINGS TO MIND.



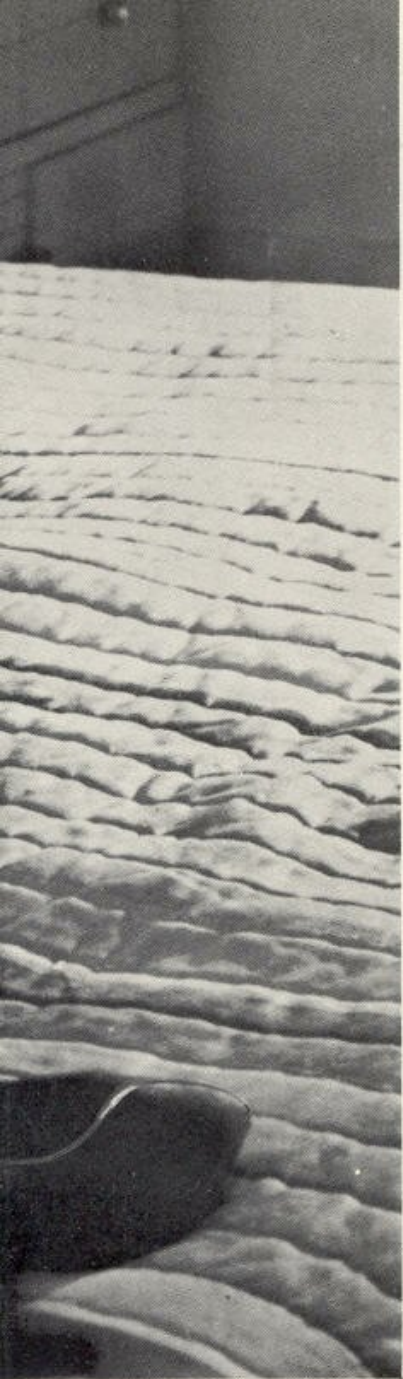
MARLENE DIETRICH FIRST BROUGHT THE FAD OF MEN'S TROUSERS TO THE UNITED STATES, BUT SINCE HER TIME VERY FEW WOMEN HAVE EITHER DARED OR WANTED TO MIX THE MALE FASHION IDEAS WITH THEIR OWN FEMININITY.



BUT, MARCI BRADLEY IS AN EXCEPTION TO THIS RULE. SHE FEELS THAT THE FASHIONS WORN BY BOTH SEXES HAVE DEFINITE STYLE AND THAT A CAREFUL MIX OF MALE AND FEMALE CLOTHING IS NOT ONLY APPEALING BUT A VERY DESIRABLE COMBINATION. FOR ONE THING, MARCI LOVES THE FEMININE IDEA OF HOSIERY.



AS A MATTER OF FACT, MARCI CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHY MEN DON'T WEAR LONG HOSE AND KNEE BREECHES AS THEY DID MANY YEARS AGO. BUT, IF SHE LOVES SHEER HOSIERY AND FEMININE UNDIES, MARCI ALSO LIKES THE STYLES IN MALE EVENING WEAR. THE THING SHE LIKES MOST ABOUT DINNER CLOTHING IS THE STARK COMBINATION OF BLACK AND WHITE. SHE ALWAYS STRIVES FOR THIS IN HER UNDIES.





SO, ACTUALLY, IT IS COLOR RATHER THAN STYLE THAT INFLUENCES MARCI THE MOST. LIKE NAN COOPER, SHE BELIEVES THAT THE ULTIMATE COLOR COMBINATION IS WHITE AND BLACK. SHE IS NOT AN ECCENTRIC WEARER OF MEN'S CLOTHING, ONLY A GIRL WHO KNOWS WHAT SHE LIKES IN STYLE AND WEARS IT NO MATTER WHAT ANYONE HAS TO SAY ABOUT HER CHOICE. AS TO HER VIEWS ON THE MORE FEMININE ITEMS OF APPAREL SUCH AS HOSIERY, LINGERIE, ETC., MARCI HOLDS TO THE HIGH HEEL, ANTI-SNEAKER SCHOOL OF THOUGHT. "SNEAKERS ARE FOR THE GIRLS IN SCHOOL OR THE GIRLS WHO WANT TO LOOK LIKE THEY LIVE 'NEXT DOOR' — WHATEVER THAT MEANS. I'D RATHER TRY TO LOOK A LITTLE MORE SOPHISTICATED — A LITTLE MORE LIKE A WOMAN OF THE WORLD," SHE SAID. AS FOR THAT — SHE'S ALREADY GOT IT!

Dear Elmer Batters

My wife has been rolling her stockings for evening wear for some months now. As she has pretty legs, she wears her skirts above the knee. When she sits, the hem rises above the rolled tops and we both enjoy the interest instilled in passing men. Some of her girl friends are rolling their stockings, too, now. We can't understand why more women and girls don't do the same. Can your readers?

I compliment Mr. and Mrs. R.K. of Tenafly, N.J.
G.P.G./Syracuse, N.Y.

HAIL THE HOMEFRONT

I am a loyal reader of TIP TOP and I feel that it is my duty to tell you that Mrs. R. K. of Tenafly, N.J. is, without a doubt, the best model to appear in your magazine to date. I would compare her charms to those of the very best models, and I feel that every effort should be made to persuade this beautiful girl to become a professional.

Her decision to do so would be a great boon to all lovers of nyloned beauty and a great feather in the cap of Hosiery On The Homefront.

I would also like to ask why Hosiery On The Homefront (which is probably the most popular part of TT) is only two pages long?

W.H.K./Walnut Creek, Calif.

We usually don't get enough pictures per submission to expand. When we do receive enough shots for a four or six page layout, we'll print it — gladly.



MORE MATURITY

Orchids to you and your staff! to compliment you on your unique and vital creation would be grossly inadequate. I have never seen, nor can I ever hope to see, so many breath-taking renditions of the female form as you have succeeded in immortalizing in your priceless contribution to beauty-starved men everywhere.

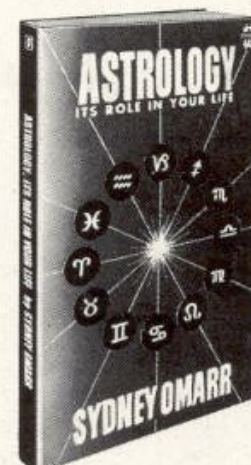
Now, for a single suggestion — request — plea — which you surely look for and want. To wit: There is among your readers a specific, well-represented age group (my own) which, while not spurning young girls, are also enchanted by intimate views of pretty women approaching middle age (40-45). This, to me would be a most desirable feature
(Continued on Page 70)

A NOTE ON ROLLS

As an avid leg watcher, I've become a fan of your magazine, but hope you don't mind one critical comment. You don't pose enough models in rolled stockings. This despite letters suggesting such pictures in the Dear Elmer Batters column each issue. G.B. and F.R. both comment on Vol. 3, No. 4 that "some of the girls roll their stockings and this is a thrilling sight."



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No matter how modernized the world or our civilization becomes, there are always going to be some traditionalists who will fight to maintain what they consider the better customs of a nicer past.

legs in love with

But it seems that in the age-old battle of the sexes that, where traditionalism is concerned, the female (although not necessarily more deadly) is certainly more determined than the male by far.

Silk





Alyce Gordon is a perfect example of this die-hard traditionalism of the female. She has never made the swing from silk to nylon, even though she'd probably be one of the first to admit the numerous advantages of the synthetic product. But, she feels that her legs have been more or less educated to silk and she prefers the feel of the genuine product to the sheer smoothness of any factory-made nylon hosiery.

And, surprising though it may seem to many of our more modern minded young ladies, Alyce is far from alone in her thinking. There are a great many female traditionalists now advocating a return to silk.



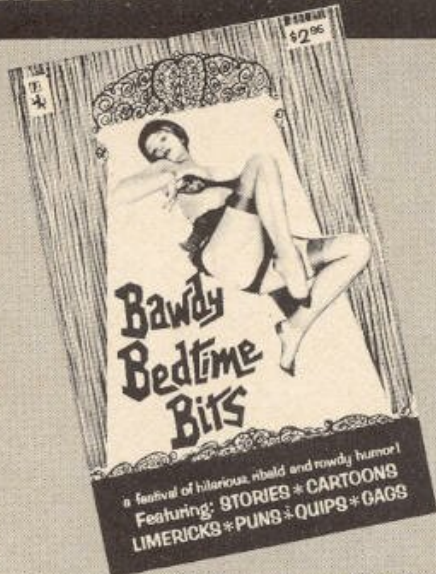
Naturally, tastes as acute and demanding as those that Alyce shows are extremely hard to gratify, and she spends a great deal of her free time shopping for her hosiery. She's fortunate to live in New York where silk hose are available.

*But even then,
she estimates
that she spends
almost six hours
every week
wandering the
streets of the
Big Town in
her constant,
never ending
search for the
proper kind of
silk hose. Yet,
there are no
regrets. "I
would rather
spend the time
looking for the
thing I really
honestly want
than have to
take something
as substitute,"
she said. Good
thinking, too!*





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The Leg Watchers' League

AN ADJUNCT OF TIP TOP MAGAZINE

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I hereby enclose the \$1.00 Initiation Fee (in cash or money order) for which I will receive my official Leg Watchers' League card certifying my one-year membership in the organization.

HIP TALK (Continued from Page 25)

out extra cash for nice stockings than see their wives spend money in a beauty shop for something that only lasts a few days. They like to see value for their money! With any luck, hubby will keep his lady in sheers from that moment on. Or do I paint too rosy a picture? Well, if he shows no reaction at all, he's either dead from the toenails up, or — which is more likely — he's doing a little stocking-buying on the side... something to think about, no?

About lingerie. Women's undies used to be called "unmentionables" and were a closely-guarded secret, but are now common knowledge, since they're on open display in every store window and floating from every clothesline. Nine times out of ten they're white, but may be pink, yellow, blue or green, which are feminine colors. These are the kind of underpinnings that women buy for themselves. The fussy little black and red creations that the models wear are generally reserved by women for special occasions or a special person, and usually are a gift from that person.

It would be like, say, a man getting a gift of a pair of gold cuff links. Any man would like to possess gold cuff links, but he'd seldom go out and buy them for himself. However, if *someone* made him a gift of gold cuff links, he'd wear them, and feel like a million dollars in them.

As in the case of stockings, I would think that frilly, exotic undies — while very acceptable — are less important for eye appeal than a girl's basic shapeliness. I don't think men are that easily fooled by frills and high-priced extravaganzas! In my experience they look first at the goods, and only then at the way they're packaged.

No amount of lace and fussiness can hide what ought to be there and isn't, whereas if a girl has the right equipment it wouldn't matter whether she shopped for lingerie at a dime store or some ultra-expensive couturier. I would think that's basic male thinking on the subject, anyway, and women are generally aware of the fact. I probably shouldn't give away too many feminine secrets, but you'll often find that women who dress like fashion plates, and are simply dripping with jewels and expensive furs, are both flat-chested and flat-hipped. By the same token, most girls who are

pleasingly endowed are apt to choose simple, plain clothes and underthings. You'll always find such a girl surrounded by male admirers, and not one of them ever complains about her lack of style or imagination in anything she wears!

At the same time, girls do get a lot of fun and pleasure out of pretty underthings, and I'm certainly not advocating "basic white" as the shade most preferred. The vast majority of females of any age are tickled pink by a gift of sheer, sassy nylon undies with all the trimmings — and it indicates something about the giver too! What that something is, hardly needs to be spelled out in words, not to a woman anyway...



Women's clothing is actually a fascinating area in which to explore, as TIP TOP readers realize, and this is probably why it receives so much attention from designers and fashion columnists. I've always felt that women were more fortunate than men in this respect. Men are deprived of the pleasure of wearing sleek, slick materials and filmy fabrics next to their skin — and it really is a pleasure. It's difficult to describe, and I guess it's something that only a woman can really appreciate...

Which is one reason I don't think I'd make a successful nudist. I enjoy being dressed too much!

That's all for now, fellows.

Yours, Dee

TT

!!!

BY GOODWIN STEPHENS

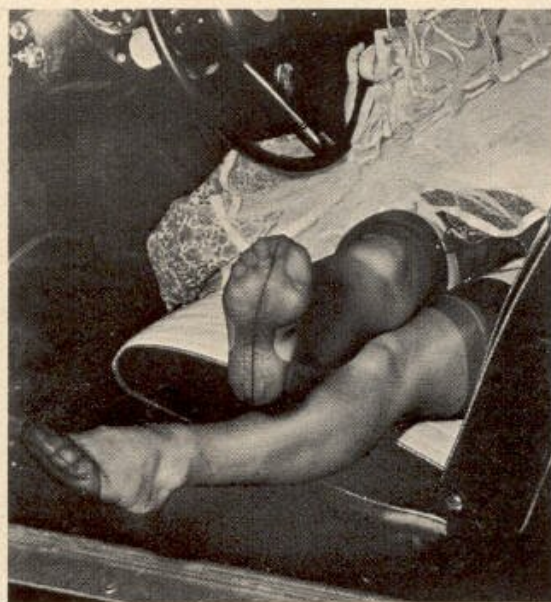
IS FOR LEGS!!!

Part III of the new,
vital dictionary
of data which has
already proved to
be wholly
indispensable
to leg watchers
everywhere!

THE ABC's OF LEG WATCHING



O



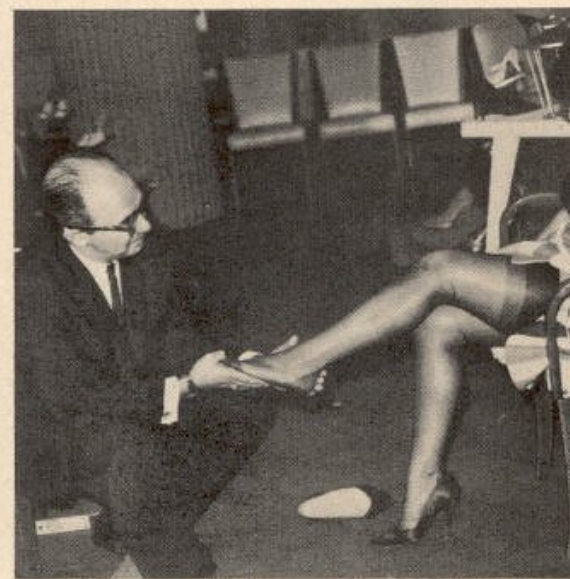
O stands for OBSERVANT, which a leg watcher should **always** be; but it also stands for OBLIVIOUS, which a legwatcher should never be. **O** also stands for OPPORTUNITY, which a leg watcher quickly recognizes and welcomes. It's also for OSIRIS, the husband of Isis, whom we told you about way back in "I". **O** is for OSTRICH, a clumsy bird which has long legs, but little else to recommend it. **O** also stands for OOMPH, a slangy old word that you still hear Once in a while, which meant that a gal really had it in the what-it-takes department.

P



P stands for PUMPS and for PATENT LEATHER, which go spectacularly well, together or separately. It also stands for PROFICIENT, which is a leg watcher with a Merit Badge. **P** also stands for PASSION and PLEASURE; and for the PATIENCE which a dedicated leg watcher should have. **P** stands for PEDI-FOR, which means foot-shaped; and for PEDIAL-GIA, which is a Polite word for a Pain in the foot — oh, those Italian Pointy toes! **P** also stands for a PERFECT PAIR, which is usually said in Praise of legs, but never indiscriminately, because the true leg watcher is Proud of his Pursuit of Pure Perfection.

Q



Q stands for the QUALIFIED leg watcher, who observes his QUARRY without QUALMS, but who doesn't sacrifice merit for QUALITY. **Q** also stands for the legendary QUEEN of Old Spain who refused a gift of a pair of then-rare silk stockings, with the haughty words, "The Queen of Spain has no legs!" **Q** also stands for QUINARY, an adjective describing something which comes in sets of five, like twinkling, nylon-encased toes! **Q** also stands for QUARTET, which is **two** pairs of stunning, sleek-sheathed legs walking down the street side by side!

R



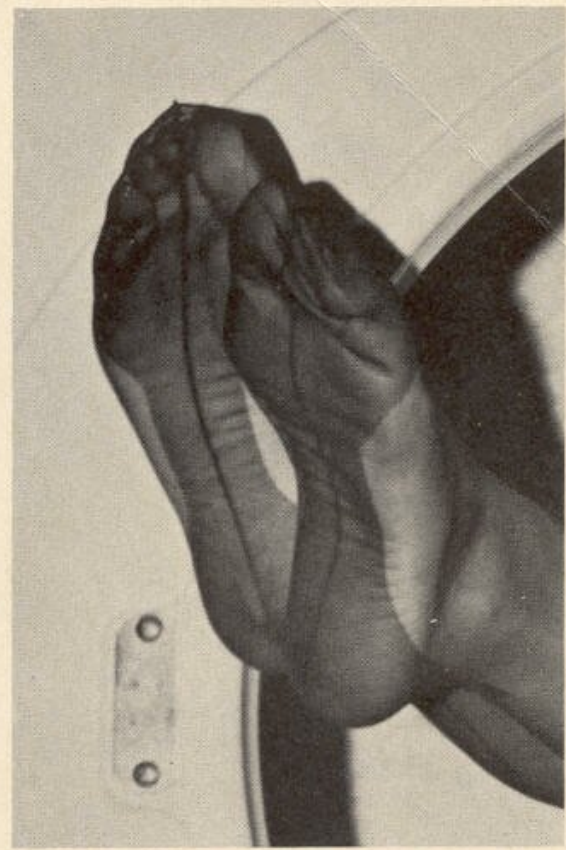
R is for the RIB from which Eve was created, for it was Eve who made Adam the world's first leg watcher. **R** is for the RAZZLE DAZZLE of the sight of pretty legs on a dull day; and for the RHYTHM which some girls have in their walk. **R** is for RAYON, which came before Nylon and gave the greatest boost to leg watching since the happy day when someone surmised that silk worms had to be good for something. **R** also stands for REMINISCENCES and for RAPTURE and ROMANCE, which are the natural REWARD of all true believers in the curvilinear cause. And **R** is for RUN or RUNNER, the most exasperating item imaginable in stockings. And **R** is for RECLUSE, which, they say, means anyone who isn't a leg watcher!

S



S is for SHOES and STOCKINGS, of course; and for SILK and SATIN. **S** is also for SEX, which, the Russians claim, was invented by a man named Sascha Sureyev in 1763, during the reign of Catherine the Great. **S** also stands for SKIRTS and SLIPS, which fall beautifully into leg watchers' territory. **S** also stands for SVELTE and SHEER, as in stockings. And for SNEAKERS, which some leg watchers deplore and others adore. And **S** stands for various, odd kinds of footgear, like SANDALS and SADDLE SHOES and SABOTS; and also for various kinds of wearing apparel, like SARONGS and SARIS and SARKS and SERAPES.

T



T is for the TWINKLING TOES that TANTALIZE the leg watcher; and for TAFFETA, a glossy, silken fabric. **T** is also for TAN, as in suntan, which sometimes enhances an attractive leg; and for TANGO and TARANTELLA, both of which are leggy dances; and for TERPSICHORE, the Greek goddess of Dance. **T** is also for TASSELS, which are effective when artfully placed; and for TATTING, a process which gives us dainty lace, which should also be placed artfully, where it will do the most good. **T** is for TIP TOP, the magazine which illustrates the best in everything female from the Tip of the Toes to the Top of the Hose!



NEW VIEWS ON THE SNEAKER SCENE

Anyone who thinks that sneakers are but an American fad that is limited to a few areas of the country and to a few limited individuals, should set about to change his mind as quickly and surely as he can. Sneakers have not only caught on, but are fast becoming not only national, but international as well. To illustrate the fact, these pages show a Hungarian model in them.



Her name is too long and complicated for most Americans to say, so, since being here, she has changed it to one more easily spoken, namely, Beatrice — Bea for short and easy — Paterson. In addition to being a model, she is also a musician.



Bea has had a bit of success in the United States playing a bass fiddle. But the main thing about her is she likes to relax after her shows and finds that sneakers are the most easy and comfortable shoes she has ever worn anywhere.

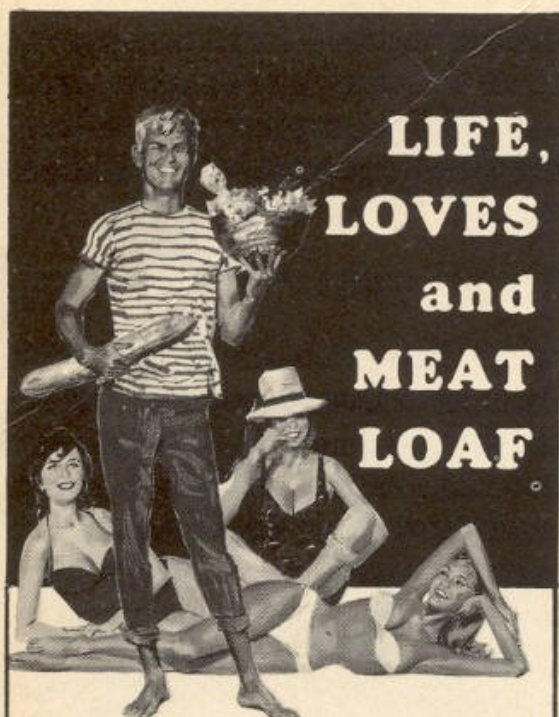


Talking to her, we found Bea to be a violent exponent of the international sneaker scene who insists on wearing them to every place she possibly can. As a matter of fact, the only time she doesn't wear them is when she is on stage to do her musical act. She said that she wished she had found them sooner.



Talking further, she said that, had she known about them when she was a small girl in Hungary, she might never have become a musician. "I would probably have been an athlete just for the sheer love of feeling the freedom of the sneakers on my feet. In them it is like being on a cloud."





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REGENT HOUSE
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NOTES ON THE LEG LINE

(Continued from Page 31)

used in an ingenuous way to help her lover escape from prison. In another scene, Shirley — Irma, that is — appears in some pretty startling undies that set Cinemascope ahead ten years! That girl sure fills a screen out nicely! All in all, there's some really rewarding footage in this picture.

S.O.S.—SAVE OUR SKIRTS!

There is a small room in a downtown office building in one of our Eastern cities, to which women have been taking their "ailments" for many years. The shop is run by a "specialist". Her "doctoring" is done with needle and thread, chalk, pins and pressing board. Her specialty — dress alterations. In the past 33 years, thousands and thousands of women have gone to her for "treatment". She refuses to be discouraged by the exasperating epidemics of the rising-falling, falling-rising, fickle hemlines. She shows them who's the boss. Asked, "Now that we're all shortened to the knees . . . and just the way we like it . . . what's going to happen next?" she answered, "Well, they all say the hems are going to drop. Of course, they can't until next fall. At least, they never have changed yet in the spring. It's always in the fall." She has watched the rise and fall of the elusive hemlines four times since she opened her "clinic". Dress lengths today, to use a rule of thumb, are 18 to 19 inches from the floor, for an average young lady: 15 to 16 inches for the older woman. But, when this specialist began her work at the close of the Roaring Twenties, they were 22 to 23 inches from the floor. Came the Depression years, and zoom! Hems fell to 9 inches from the floor! Then, came the war years. "Skirts always go up in war time," and, sure enough, skirts were hiked up to the knees. Later, there came another drastic change. Who can ever forget the late M. Dior's "New Look". "Hems dropped so suddenly," says the dress doctor, "that you hardly had time to get in style." That change came about in less than a month, and she remembers that post-war autumn, when she was kept busy adding five-inch skirt bands and facing hems or adding false pieces to dresses.

Some of her customers are well-to-do matrons, whose clothes are impeccable and expensive, and whose special position is such that they dare to wear a hemline where they want it, despite fashion fluctuations. "That is," the dress doctor smiles, "for a while. In a few weeks, they start coming in to see me." She has had some of the same customers since she opened her office, and now she has the granddaughters of some of her original patrons. Speaking of some of her original patrons, many of them come to her now with a rather specialized complaint, called "tightening of the seams." For some reason, their clothes seem tighter on them than they used to be! Given enough extra material, the specialist can cure even that!

ARE YOU COVERED?

Lloyd's of London, the famous British insurance company, has written up many unusual policies over the years. They will give insurance coverage on just about anything you could possibly dream up. They insured Olivia de Havilland's jaw, and Jimmy Durante's nose. There was even a report that they insured the dimple in Cary Grant's chin, and that they insured The Beatles against baldness. Lloyd's is also very big on insur-

ing a beautiful pair of legs. First, they insured Betty Grable's gams, and then they insured Marlene Dietrich from toe to thigh. In fact, almost every actress with especially photogenic stems, has been reported by her press agent as being covered by Lloyd's. The latest pulchritudinous policy-holder is Angie Dickinson, whose studio bosses think so highly of Angie's legs, that they had them insured for \$1,000,000, which figures out to about \$15,000 per well-turned inch. That's a pretty round figure, both the policy's, and Angie's.

WATCHING ALL THE GIRLS GO BY

A newspaper columnist has pointed out that if you stand on any busy street corner for a length of time, you'll realize that men are natural-born construction watchers. They'll watch the construction work on new buidings going up, and they'll watch the construction work on the girls passing by. Like sidewalk superintending, girl watching is one of the last unrestrained pleasures left to the spectator male. It's free, it's ever-changing, and it's legal.

Female legs have drawn male eyes like a magnet, through the ages. Stockings have played an important — though little-recorded — role in the course of history, finance, and intrigue. So, it seems strange, to the columnist in question, that many women pay so little attention what they put on their legs. They will devote hours to finding just the right hat, and the right shoes for a costume, and a handbag which will best complement their ensemble. They carefully match their lingerie and foundation garments. But how many of them devote the thought to their hosiery that it really deserves?

From the knee to the ankle is an important stretch of territory. Usually, it is one-quarter or more of a woman's full height. Yet, surprisingly few women bother to coordinate this area with the other three-quarters. There may have been some excuse for this in the past, when hosiery was rather unimaginative and limited in choice. But fortunately, things are looking up. Today, stocking colors are as varied as costume colors and shoe colors. There is a whole rainbow range to choose from, to highlight any outfit a woman plans to wear. Even the names of the shades are provocative and alluring. No doubt inspired by *My Fair Lady*, there is one group of hosiery colors called Mayfair, Liza, Ascot, Loverly . . . Another group pays titular homage to world-famous romantic playgrounds, with color names like Biarritz, Monte Carlo, Capri, Riviera. To add a little spice, there's a color called Paprika; and for beach devotees, there is one called Malibu. No reason in the world, now, to settle for anything but the exactly right shade to go with the rest of your outfit.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Have you noticed that, when you add a boned midriff top to a "swimsuit", it becomes a "playsuit". Then, with the further addition of a short, knee-tickler skirt that buttons in the back, it becomes a "sun-dress". To an observer, however, what a garment is called is not nearly so important as how attractively it is filled. The fact is, that a gal whose figure adds up, can "swim" or "play" or "sun" in just about *anything*, and know that she's got the crowd on her side.

TT



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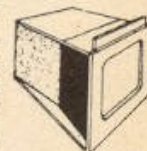
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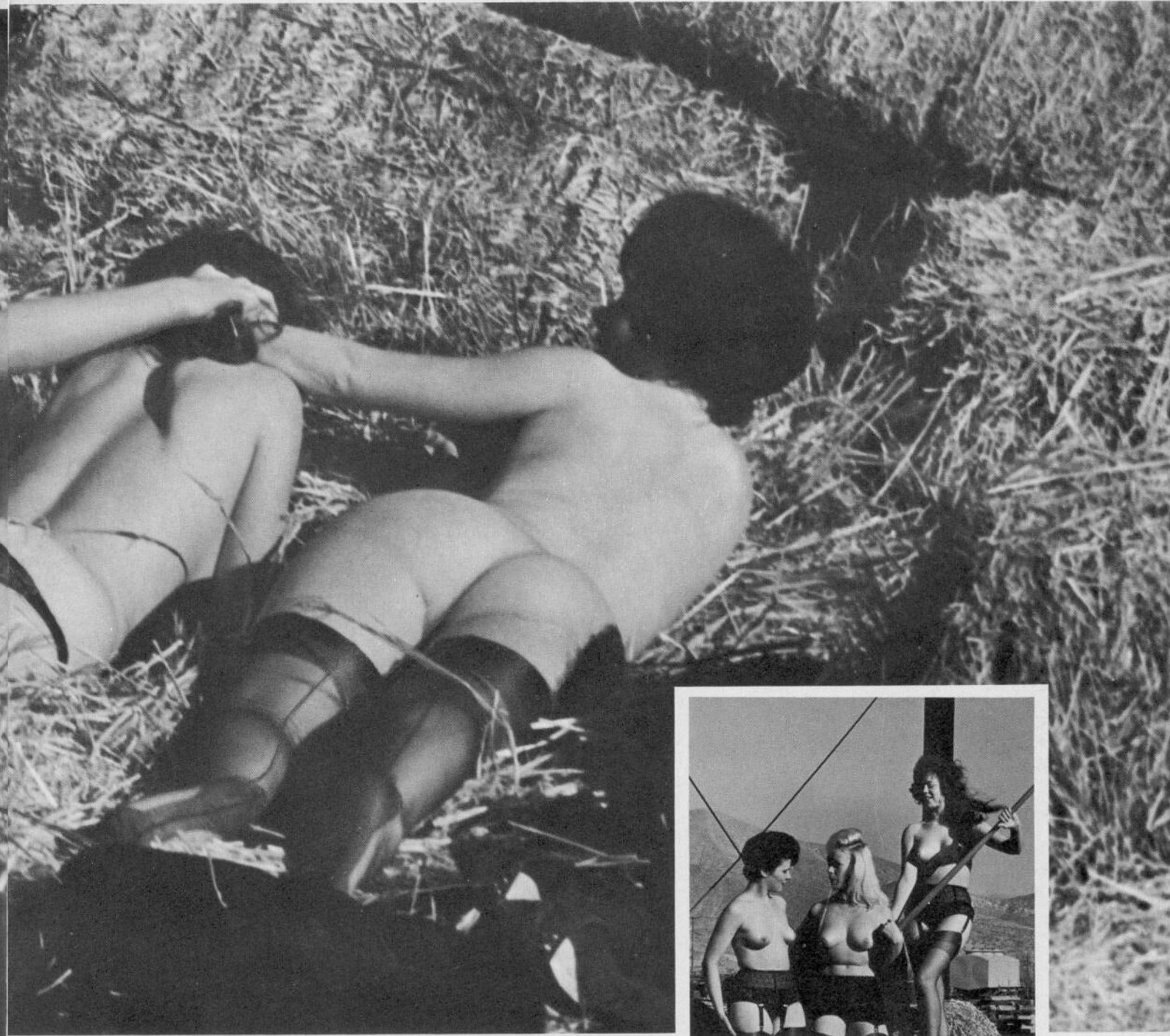
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When three lovely models visit a Nevada dude ranch and decide to forget about their confined city backgrounds for a glorious weekend – plus all the cares they may have to face when their vacation is finally over – anything can happen – and often does. But – first things first. The picture just to the left shows all three girls as they began what could best be called a nyloned romp in the ranch hay. To the far left, standing, the brunette with her arm over her face, is Vikki Nichols, originally a New York girl who, up until a year ago had never been any further west than the Port Authority bus terminal on 41st Street. Directly behind Vikki, reclining in the hay – the blonde with the cherubic smile – is Betty Wright, one of those rarest of all natural rarities, a California native actually born in Hollywood.

6 NYLONS IN THE HAY



Oops — we almost forgot — last, but far from least is Deborah Lane. She's at the far right of the picture, lying on her side in the hay. Deborah is also a New York girl who loves the lure of the wild west and the wide open spaces, although her career as a model has kept her pretty busy without too much free time for anything like a vacation. All three girls met just under a year ago in Hollywood where they were all very actively engaged in modeling work. Gradually, they got to know one another and decided that they would pool their financial resources to rent a spacious apartment in the famous Hollywood Hills. But life was hardly what one might think of for three models in an active career in an equally active town. Schedules were tight and the need for vacation acute.





After doing a great deal of planning as far as their modeling schedules were concerned, the girls all decided to take three days away from work and again to share expenses in order to go to a near-by dude ranch in Nevada. But the strangest part of the adventure was the fact that after going through all their plans and complicated maneuvers, they found that when they arrived at the ranch, a friend of theirs was already there.



On the very first day at the ranch, when they walked into the main dining room for their dinner, the girls were surprised to see a photographer they had all worked for at one time or another in Hollywood. Naturally, they were more than happy to see an old friend.



The result, of course, was a mix of vacation with pleasure and setting up a shooting session that would combine the feel of the rugged outdoors with the more sheer and sophisticated city hosiery that all three girls are so proud of. Without going into elaborate details



suffice it to say that the entire shooting session and the idea behind it was a smash success as the photos on these last few pages will show. And the girls really loved the whole idea. In particular, Vikki and Deborah who have never had any chance before to get away from their city backgrounds. Good fun was had by all.



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DEAR ELMER BATTERS •

(Continued from Page 43)

of your beauty brochure, especially so if this type of woman displayed legs garnished by rolled hose rather than the customary garter belt.

Anxiously awaiting those turned down hose, I remain yours in loyal leg watching.

W.S./Cleveland, Ohio

LATECOMER

I have just recently obtained my first copy of TIP TOP and enjoyed it so much that I would like to know if it is at all possible to obtain copies of back issues.

I don't know how long this extremely fine publication has been available, but I would certainly be interested in obtaining other issues which I cannot seem to obtain anywhere in this area. May I say that this publication has elevated the status of men's magazines to an exceptionally high plane and simply cannot be compared with any other publication of its kind now in existence.

My wife enjoys it equally as much as I do.

R.J.H./Orange, N.J.

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ANTI SNEAKERS

Boy-oh-boy! I'm with T.S. of Cleveland, Ohio all the way. How some people can be so far off their rockers as to request sneakers is beyond me. They are truly a case for the psychiatrist as far as I'm concerned. That poor soul of Washington, D.C. obviously has been working too hard. He requested old and dirty sneakers on a beautiful black nylon clad girl. Boy, what a nut he is! Sneakers are for little girls who play in the school playground. Whoever heard of a beautiful chick in bikini briefs, garter belt, sheer black nylons and SNEAKERS? How dumb. Pretty soon these oddballs will be demanding blue jeans and muddy boots.

You have a very fine magazine, gentlemen — the finest I've found either here or overseas, but I'm sure your magazine will drop in popularity and sales if you have your models wear those miserable, sexless sneakers. Even your own authors who write your leg watching articles all agree that there are two items that definitely enhance a woman's legs. No. 1 is nylons, of course, and preferably sheer black, and No. 2 is high heels. And I go along with that

all the way. For myself (and eight friends who read TT) I ask you please, High Heels Only. I hope my fellow readers around the country who feel the same will write in denouncing the ugly sneaker.

I also notice where one or two others dislike pictures of women in stockyards and/or freight trains. Well, of course some shots are going to be better than others, that can't be helped, but the point is, I for one wish to applaud you and say well done for your outdoor shots. In every magazine one picks up, the models are invariably inside, either in the living room or the bedroom and it becomes very old hat and commonplace, so I find your outdoor shots extremely appealing, refreshing and very much welcome. Just your outdoor shots alone have done a tremendous amount of good for TT.

One last item: Two models who have recently appeared in TT really rang the bell up here in the Twin Cities. They are Terry Higgins and Carolyn Cather. They are just fabulous. Please do your utmost to recruit these two beautiful dolls again and often. Thanks very much.

L.D.A./Minneapolis, Minn.

MOVIES

I have read your publication that a fellow shipmate purchased before we left on our current cruise. I found it to be very appealing and well done.

I think that 8MM, unretouched film strips of your models would make tremendous movies. Is this possible? If so, please print all the information you can.

D.R.F./USN

Sorry, it's just not possible.

AURORA MOREA

I have just picked up TT Vol. 3 No. 4 and find it better than ever. Without a doubt it is the best men's magazine on the market. I hope you keep up the good work.

I only have one thing I think would improve your magazine and that is more color pictures. I thoroughly enjoy the Black & White and Color, but not the brown tones.

Keep up your good work for better material all the time.

W.C.B./Milburn, N.J.

SPLITTING SEAMS

First of all, I want to thank you for giving us TIP TOP, the best magazine of its kind I have ever seen. TT has had a few ups and

downs, but on the whole it has been getting better every issue.

There is something awfully tiresome about magazines that show nothing but nudes. What makes TT so much better is the fact that you know that certain kinds of female garments make a picture of a girl a thousand times better. Best of all, you guys know how to pose your models after you clothe them.

The emphasis on stockings is just right. There was a while when I resented the trend away from seamed stockings. The seamless ones struck me as all wrong, but I've come around now, I guess. Both seem okay. In fact, when you show the bottom of a foot, the seamless type is sometimes as good or better than the more Tip-Top-type black foot with a seam. Yes — the shots that reveal two long, shapely legs in black stockings, with the camera looking primarily at the feet and the bottom of the foot showing — these are the best.

This kind of shot with the gal wearing sneakers, is what I'm waiting for now. It's a real knock-out pose and we all love it.

Keep it up. Thanks for reading your fan mail and paying attention to your readers' requests. We love your magazine!

T.L.M./Evanston, Ill.

CALLS FOR PALMER

Thanks for printing my letter in Vol. 3, No. 4.

The issue was good, but not terrific. On page three, Charles Simpson says TIP TOP is the buyers' magazine. If so, then let this one copy per issue buyer and member of the LWL now request the assistance of all other LWL members in an united effort to see June Palmer in *our* magazine. This girl has, or is currently, appearing in almost every magazine in the TT category. Why settle for half quality when we can have the very best? Let the word go forth that we of the LWL demand the best of everything and Miss Palmer is the best.

Will anyone join me in this crusade?

Keep up the good work.

J.R.F./Winter Haven, Florida

HI LO LIMBS

In the latest issue of TIP TOP, you asked for suggestions on how to encourage more readers to send in photographs to your Hosiery On The Homefront section. My suggestion is to print, on adjoining pages

of that section, the letters that surely must accompany the photos.

I will remind you here that your readers are the very staff of life of your magazine and that you are asking of them two favors. One: To continue buying TIP TOP, and Two: To send in pictures. As a long time buyer of your magazine, I have noticed that you have always given the authors of your fiction a pretty free hand in the use of adjectives and descriptive phrases. Won't you extend the same courtesies to the readers who take the trouble to write you? In other words, don't use your blue pencil so much!

Also, I have noticed in recent issues a few subtle editorial references to TIP TOP as being the magazine dedicated to the glorification of the "lower limb." *Lower limb* indeed! Do you deny the existence of the upper limb? I believe I may say, without fear of contradiction, that the most intriguing part of a woman's leg is the upper thigh, and particularly that portion that is between the stocking top and the edge of the panties. Are you trying to initiate a sneaky campaign to draw attention away from the upper thighs? If you are, then you'd better be prepared for a sudden drop in the sales of your magazine.

I think I am speaking for a good number of leg men when I say that when I admire a woman's leg, I admire the *whole leg*, and not just the "lower limb".

One more thing about the "Homefront" section: I have my doubts regarding the amateur status of Mr. and Mrs. R.K. of Tenaflly, N.J. In their latest spread in your magazine, the lighting, the poses . . . everything was too perfect — even down to the fancy lingerie Mrs. R.K. is wearing. The whole thing is not in the least bit candid. I strongly suspect that either Mrs. R.K. is a professional model or her husband is a professional photographer. Maybe they are both professionals. At any rate, the entire layout is just too perfect to have been done by amateurs. I think you should re-emphasize that the "Homefront" section is open to amateur models and photographers only and that contributors to that section should enclose with their letters a signed statement to the effect that neither the model nor the photographer is a professional, nor have they ever been. A statement such as that should be a prerequisite to printing their pictures on your pages.

W.E.S./San Gabriel, California

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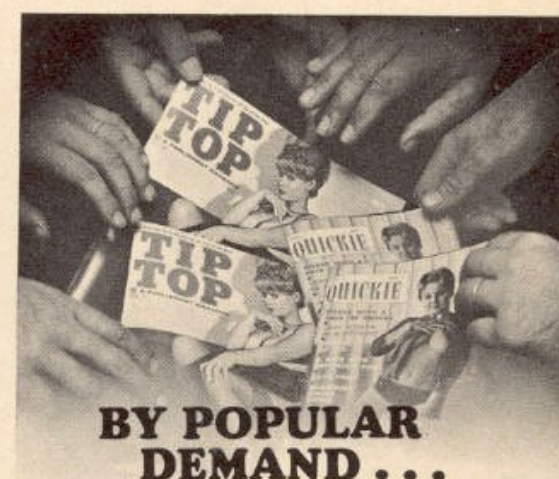
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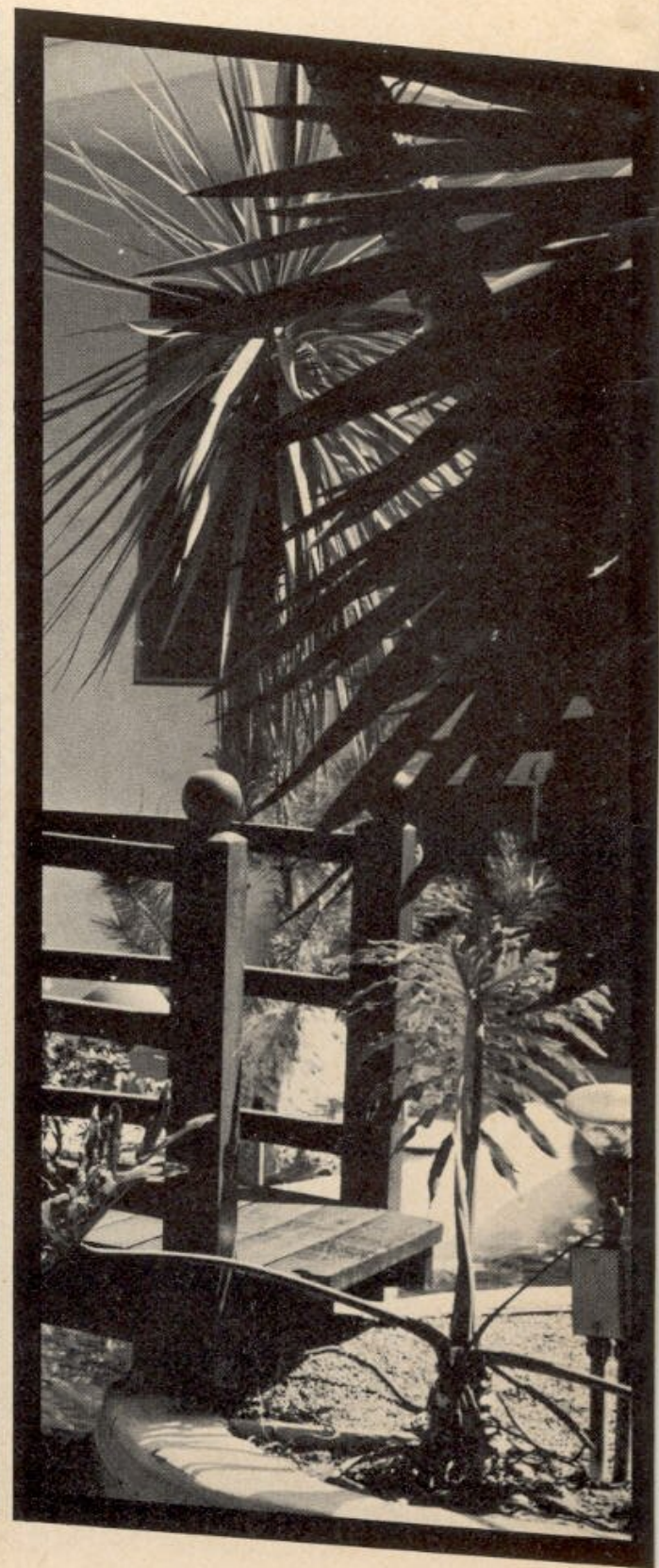
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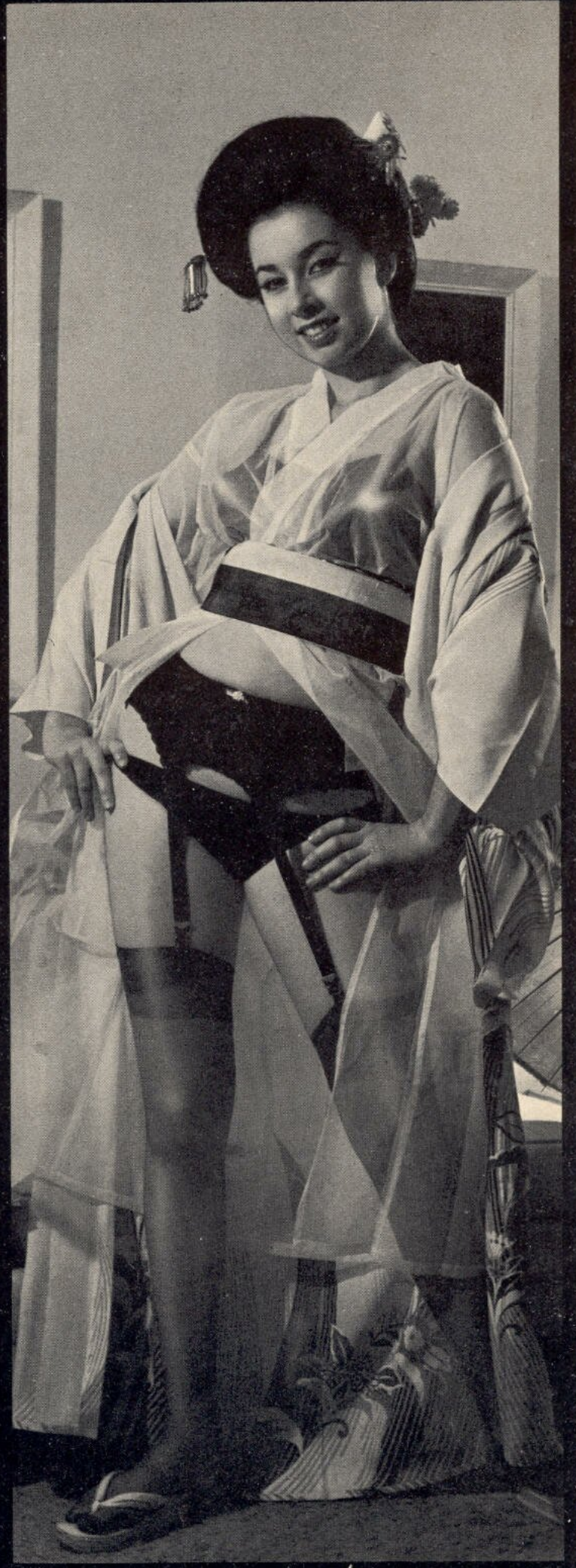
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FOR ADULTS ONLY

GEISHA'S LIMB FASHIONS

It doesn't take much to figure out that Marge Chapman isn't really a Geisha girl at all. If you want to know the truth — she's never even been to Hawaii, let alone all the way across the Pacific to the Land Of The Rising Sun. But a girl can dream, and Marge is one who is in love with her little fantasies, even though they may seem far-fetched at first glance. For longer than she can remember, Marge has been infatuated with the lure of the Orient and has always wanted to travel there. Finally, she can.



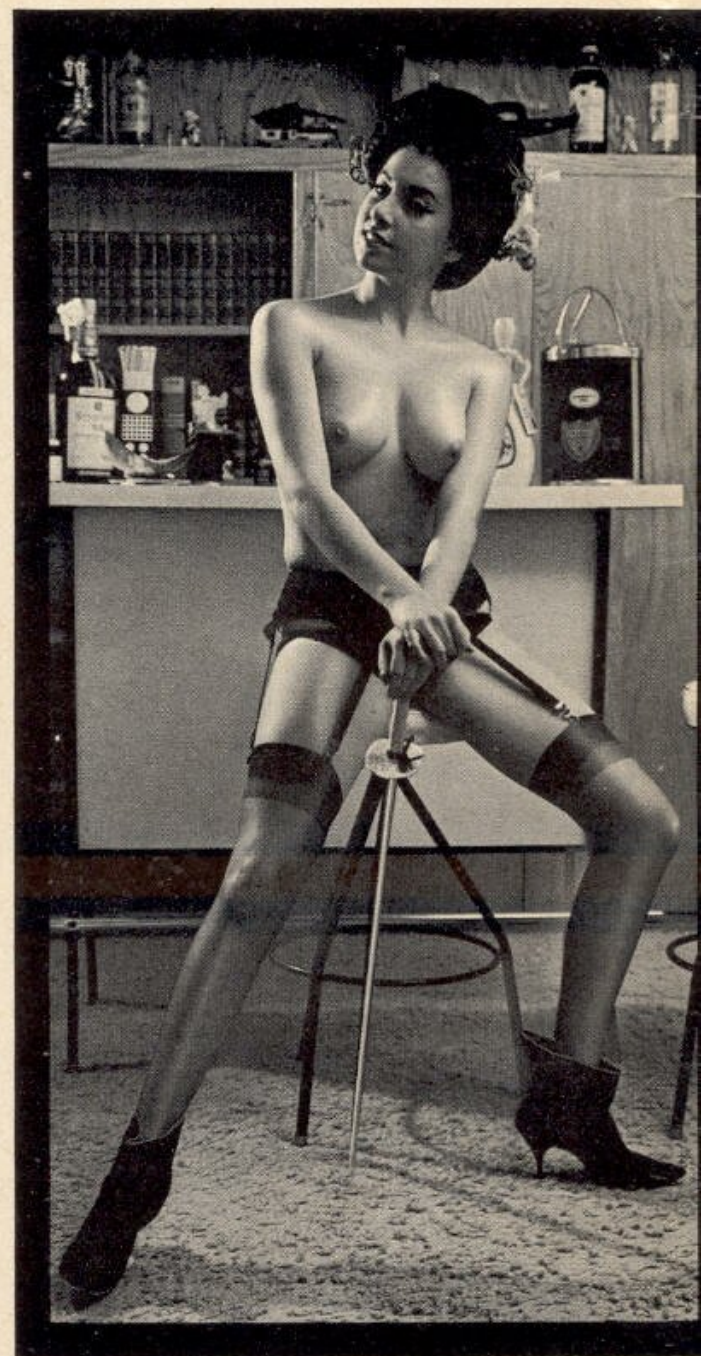




For, even though she has been collecting exciting bits of Oriental clothing like kimono, obi, zori, tabi, obi-a-ge and other bits of apparel for years, Marge now feels that she really will have a chance to get there. Just last month, she applied for a job with an international air line as stewardess. As we go to press, she is nervously awaiting her acceptance for training school. If she makes it, she knows that all her dreams will be coming true.

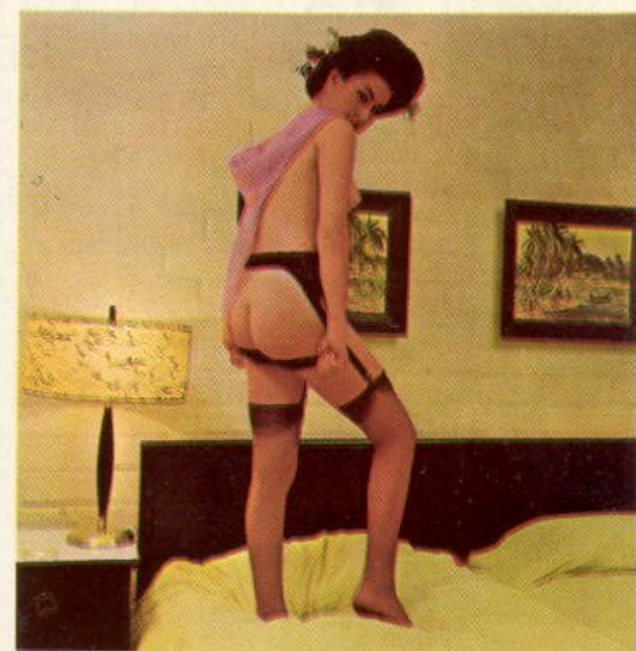


The only trouble is that Marge is afraid that if she ever does get her job as a stewardess and does make a flight to Japan, she may never come back. "I've always admired the Japanese women," she told us. "They're so very feminine — especially in the way they walk. I just love the way they move their legs. About the only thing we have that's as feminine as their kimono is our nylon hosiery. Come to think of it, if I had to make a choice between hose and kimono,



I'd be hard put to it. I like the Orient, but could never give up my Western nylon hosiery."



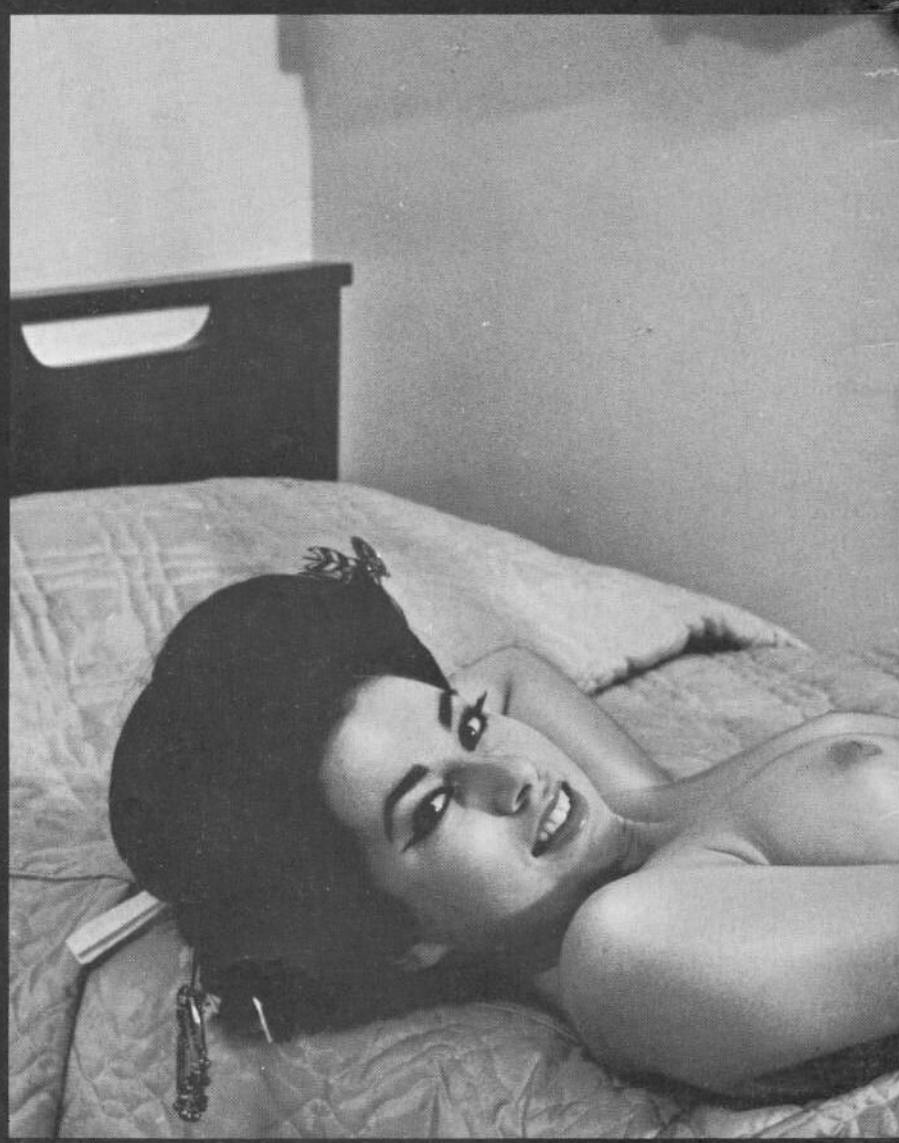




Fortunately, though, she may never have to make such a difficult choice between kimono and the sheer snugness of nylon hosiery. If Marge ever does stay in the Orient she will probably always wear her Western hose and lingerie. "Besides," she said, "I hear that now most Japanese girls insist on hosiery as an added bit of feminine appeal to their older, more traditional costumes." It's no wonder that Japanese women are the world's most feminine.

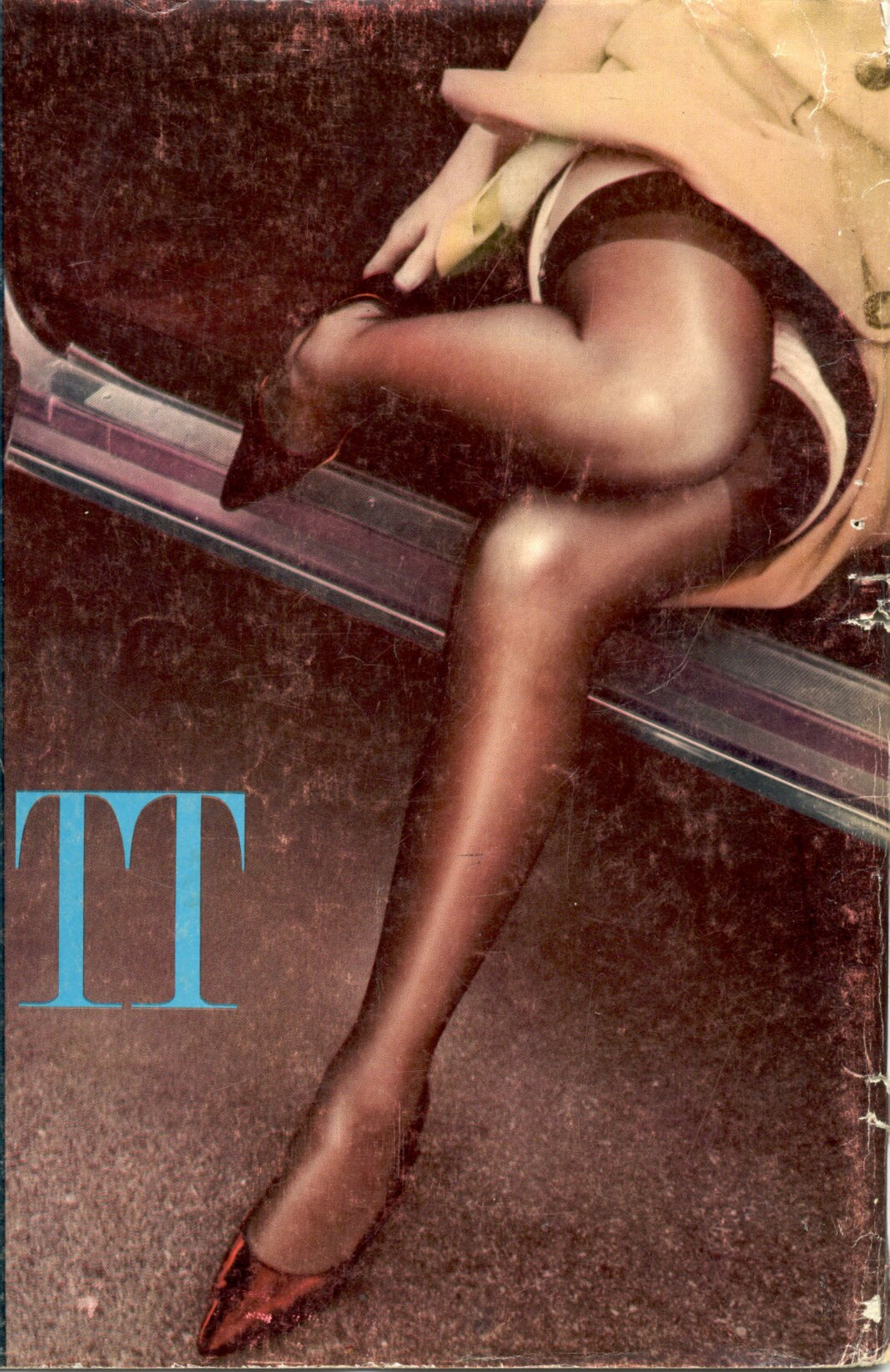


That's one of the reasons that Marge admires them so much. "After all, it was the Orientals who invented the whole idea of sheerness when they cultivated the silk worms for us. I remember mother wearing silk stockings when I was a girl. So if we improve by inventing nylon, why shouldn't they add it to their clothes? I think it would be just the rage to mix the sheer modern feel of nylon with the calm and classic beauty of the traditional Japanese costume." Not a half bad idea at that!



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